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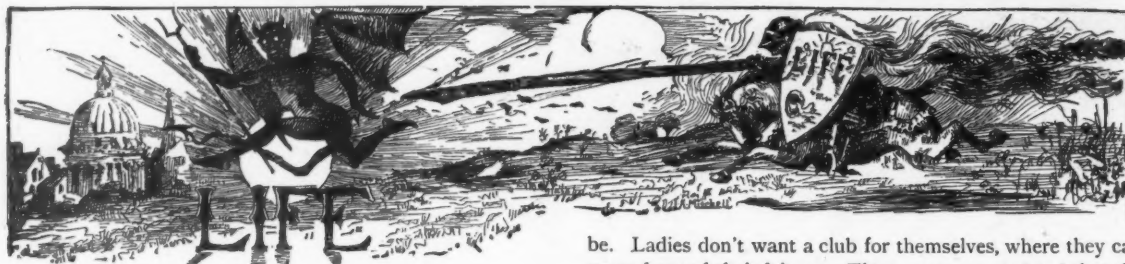


AN IDEA.

WHY NOT MAKE OUR QUEEN ANNE SUMMER RESIDENCES OF SOME USE IN WINTER?

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. JANUARY 12, 1888. No. 263.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SMASHES on the Elevated railroads are no longer funny. New Yorkers must live somewhere, and heretofore it has seemed to them worth an effort to get from their places of business to their homes every evening. But if these narrow escapes on the Elevated continue, *LIFE* will look to see a revival of the old and simple habits of our ancestors, when the merchant's family lived over the store, the lawyer slept in his own back office, and the grocer's clerk had a bunk under the counter.

One of the most fortunate classes of the community is the guild of janitors. They live, in great measure, in fireproof houses, their place of business is at their door, and their families dwell with them. They do not have to waste their time and energy, and imperil their lives, hurtling through the air up and down Manhattan Island. They can stay at home, exposed only to the risk that an elevator may fall with them, and if they are adroit they can train their wives and children to do the biggest part of their work, and leave them at leisure to carry the ward and make large fortunes.

Oh, yes; in this congested metropolis it is a great thing to be a janitor and stay at home. Next to that it is well to live so near your place of business that you can reach it on foot. As a last resort, go buy yourself an accident insurance ticket.

When Sir Cyrus owned the Elevated, did these smashes happen? No, indeed! The good man rode on his air-lines himself. But Mr. Gould goes to sea in his yacht, and, safe on the bosom of the deep, leaves us to take five-cent risks on his property.

IN the description of the Lawyers' Downtown Club, which opened a week or more ago, *LIFE* noted with gratification that a corner of the club had been set apart for ladies, as a place where their husbands or other male attributes might bring them to lunch or dine. In this provision, which is a novelty in New York clubs, though it has long obtained elsewhere, lies the germ of the woman's club as it ought to

be. Ladies don't want a club for themselves, where they can go and spend their leisure. They are so constructed that the shops are more delightful to them than any place outside of their homes. They do not care to look out of club windows, nor to play cards or billiards with one another, nor to sit around small tables and smoke and drink things. But to lunch or to dine on occasion in a club restaurant may be grateful to any woman's spirit, and the innovation in club customs which makes such a novel experience possible is happily conceived and worthy of imitation.

THE increasing propensity of Gothamites to dwell out of town suggests, too, the value of ladies' restaurants in clubs as trysting-places. The most noted club of Boston long ago made such a provision for its gentler constituents as the Lawyer's Club has just adopted, and it was reported the other day that a new Philadelphia club had done the same thing. It is true that neither Boston nor the Quaker City has a Delmonico's, but nevertheless, their example in this matter is a worthy one, and *LIFE* is glad to see our own town tending in the same gallant direction.

IT is a matter for public congratulation that the Reading strike fizzled out. Its failure seems to mark the final collapse of the Knights of Labor organization as a power for harm. When the Reading Knights refused to quit work attentive ears could catch the dirge of the walking delegate, sighing and whistling through the telegraph wires. The walking delegate is unpopular. Since the Anarchists were hanged and Mr. Jay Gould went on his travels, there is no one left in this country whose claim to a monopoly of public odium can be compared with his. The sooner he is seen walking on his "uppers" and soliciting funds on the street corners, the better it will be for everybody, but especially for us working-people.

IT appears that three futile attempts have been made within the last three months to gather a quorum of the general committee of the Grant Monument. It must be that there is no money in monuments.

SINCE Thanksgiving Day Yale College has determined that the quality of liberal education that she imparts is worth more than heretofore, and has raised her tuition charges ten dollars a year. To the victors belong the spoils!

PLYMOUTH CHURCH seems to have abandoned for the present all notion of importing a preacher, and has hired Lyman Abbott as her regular "supply." *LIFE* doesn't feel half as sorry for her as Dr. Berry does.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"BY JOVE!" says young Witless, "these girls are so stunning,"

"To wed at least half of them I am inclined,
But, although I'm not lacking in courage or cunning,
This deuced proposing's not easy, I find."

"It's as easy as lying," old Dazzle explains,
"When a fellow's on sentiment's summit;
The difficult thing in my social campaigns,
Is how in the world to keep from it."

Howard Seely.



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

He: WHAT A HANDSOME WOMAN MRS. JONES IS STILL!

She: YES, IF YOU ADMIRE THAT COLOSSAL STYLE.

He: PERHAPS SHE IS A TRIFLE STOUT NOW. SHE NEVER WENT IN FOR TENNIS, OR ANY OF THAT SORT OF THING, I REMEMBER. DIDN'T EVEN DANCE—IT WASN'T HER ROLE.

She (a trifle spitefully): IF SHE WERE TO DANCE NOW IT MIGHT BE HER "ROLL?"

THEY GOT ON NICELY APART.

"MY dear," said her mother, "you should never allow any hasty emotion to lead you into a love match with a poor man. Both your papa and myself were blessed with plenty of means, and you see how nicely we have got on together."

"Yes, mamma," replied the maiden, "but you know you lived in Paris nine months of the year, while papa was in New York."

A HEARTY AQUIESCENCE.

MR. FEATHERLY: What beautiful teeth Miss Smith has!

MISS SHARPTONGUE: Yes, I think this set much prettier than her other.

THERE isn't a more innocent little thing in the world than a brook trout, and yet it has made hopeless liars of thousands of men.



JANUARY.

THE streets are sheeted o'er with ice,*
 Pedestrians are over nice,
 Where they tread:
 The wind is blowing from the pole;
 It takes at least a ton of coal
 To coax the sleepy, shivering soul
 Out of bed.

The sealskin trade goes with a rush,
 There's also quite a boom in plush;
 The doctor
 Divides enormous sums of gold
 With him who keeps the cures for "cold"—
 Of poisons, pills and potions, bold
 Concoctor.

In short the vendor of the tab
 Doth at the dime of mortal grab;
 The mender of the bursting pipe
 Doth find his plumbs are getting ripe;
 The maker of the gummy shoe
 Doth try to keep his rubber true;
 And none but madmen old and bad
 Vibrate the fan.
 To be too warm is not the fad
 For Jan.

* If they are not they ought to be. There is no counting on this vile climate.

LEAP YEAR is expected to solve the great problem of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, "What shall we do with the surplus maids?"

THE Czar of Russia begins to show some spirit, and *The Century Magazine* is purged of its Siberian articles before it reaches the hands of its Russian subscribers.

If the American people had had more spunk two years ago the war articles might have been nipped in the bud.

THE Anarchist prisoner is treated little better than a shirt collar or pair of cuffs. Immediately after his arrest he is washed and then ironed.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ gives way to most ungovernable rage whenever he sees his name spelled with less than two dots to the i. He only crosses his t's once, however.

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS has the most exquisite bang in Congress. Mr. Phelps began life as a poor boy and has worked his way up to his present eminence by dint of perseverance and a celluloid comb.

IT is not generally known that Chauncey M. Depew is not popular in Philadelphia because, during his last after-dinner speech in that delightfully restful town, he kept all his hearers awake.

ENEMIES of General Husted allege that, in speaking of his recent defeat, the ex-Speaker remarked that it was a Cole day when he got left.



THAT FERTILE IMAGINATION.

A-N-y C-m-st-h: HOLD! I ARREST YOU FOR PAINTING INDECENT PICTURES!

Artist: INDECENT! WHY THE HEAD IS THE ONLY PORTION VISIBLE.

A. C.: THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. DON'T YOU SUPPOSE I CAN IMAGINE WHAT IS UNDER THE WATER?

RUSSIA says her policy is Pacific. England's seems to be Pacific, Atlantic, Arctic and Antarctic.

A BLOW is sometimes termed a strike, and when one reflects upon the amount of blowing there is in every strike, it does not seem surprising.

AS years roll on the Old World and the New form new ties which will bind them together through the countless ages of eternity.

There are nine cable lines now.

GOING TO RUIN.

MC GONIGLE: Yis, the counthry's goin' to the dogs. It's little we see now of the "Sphirrit of '76."

MACDOUGAL: Thot's so. It's sildom ye can git a dhrink of whishkey more than three years ould.

A SULKY western railroad man says he can't see any difference between the Interstate Commerce Act and a horse-thief. Neither are any good to the community until they are suspended.

ITS PROBABLE CAUSE.

WIFE (*looking over the paper*): I see that a man in Canada recently yawned so prodigiously that he threw his shoulder out of place.

HUSBAND: He must have been reading a Canadian newspaper.

FEARS A RELAPSE.

DOCTOR: Did you say to your husband, Mrs. Hendricks, that, if agreeable to him, I would send bill for services rendered during his recent severe illness?

MRS. HENDRICKS: Yes, doctor; and he thought you had better wait until he gets a little stronger.

THE name Goethe is pronounced Gerter in all the cities of the United States except Chicago, where it is pronounced Goat.

Don't.



Darry.
an Artist.

OUR ADVICE.

BUFFALO'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE Queen City of the Lakes (which is Buffalo) declines to believe that President Cleveland has shaken her dust off from his feet and will return to her no more. If Buffalo wishes again to have an ex-president among her citizens the proper time for her to show her sentiments will be the sixth day of next November.

HAPPILY ENDED.

“HOW is that feud between Colonel Blood and Major Bluegrass getting on? Are they as bitter as ever?”
“Oh, no; the whole thing is happily ended.”
“I'm glad to hear that.”
“Yes, they killed each other.”

A NEW YORK society lion—the British lion.



“TOM, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?”
“NO, WHAT IS IT?”
“THE SCHOOLMASTER IS DEAD!”
“BULLY! NOW I CAN WEAR THINNER PANTS.”



PAUL PATOFF.

AT the very outset of "Paul Patoff" (Houghton's) F. Marion Crawford sets down an excellent recipe for the making of a good story: "A little laughter, a little sadness, and, when it is done, the comfortable assurance of your own senses that you have been amused and not bored." And most of his readers will gladly acknowledge that "Paul Patoff" is a good product of that very sensible method. On the same page he gives an equally striking corollary: "When our lives are not filled with great emotions they are crammed with insignificant details, and one may tell them ever so well they will be insignificant to the end."

That is a better creed for a writer of fiction than a whole system of philosophy. When as a boy you spread a tent of shawls over a broomstick and the nursery chairs, girdled your waist with a red comforter and crowned yourself with pasteboard, drew a sword of tin, and *dreamed* that you were a Bedouin Chief on the Sahara—then, indeed, was your joy greater than when as a man, after a weary journey, you one day broke bread by the side of the Nile itself, with a dusty, disagreeable old sheikh!

IT is the imagination and the emotion which feeds it, or the reverse, which lifts one life above another, or makes one day more to be remembered. A novel is one of the *toys* of manhood; it is a starting-point for his imagination; "the peg on which he hangs his fancy." We are not done forever with fables when we put on long coats. When a tired child sits by the fire in the evening and asks for a tale before going to bed, he rebels if his mother relates his misdeeds during

the day. He asked for Romance and she gave him Reality. And a tired man is very much like the child.

TO return to "Paul Patoff"—it is a picturesque romance, bringing together a group of strange characters, and showing more than ever before the wonderful fertility of Crawford's imagination and his wide experience of life in strange places. He seems to draw on an inexhaustible supply of memories of travel and people; he appears equally at home in Stamboul or England. His local color may be all wrong; that does not matter: he at least has imagination to supply what answers the purpose admirably.

THERE appears, however, in this novel a fault which he has heretofore avoided—frequent, long and elaborate analyses of motives and mental conditions, in the manner of Henry James. They are for the most part well done, and the author may be satisfied with that. He has proved that it is an easy thing for a clever man to analyze mental states after the manner of modern novelists; but he is capable of better things.

FOR a wonder, there are too many disagreeable, unsympathetic characters in the book. Even Paul Patoff is more to be pitied than loved. The dominating woman of the story is half mad, and the other women are shadowy creatures. Moreover, a prolonged study of insanity and the contemplation of a mother and son and two brothers who hate each other are not attractive elements in fiction.

Though the author, in his introduction, forestalls criticism of the construction, it does not alter the fact that the story is really told to the finish when Alexander is found alive. The concluding one hundred pages, which develop a new situation, are a useless appendix to a good novel.

Droch.



VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT.

Plaintiff's Counsel (examining his client): Now, to give the jury some idea of the extent of the terrible consequences brought on by this sad accident, just indicate, if you please, the highest that you can raise your arm.

Plaintiff: Only so high.



Defendant's Counsel (cross-examination): How high could you lift your arm before this accident, which, you allege, damaged you to the tune of Five Thousand Dollars?

Plaintiff: So high!

NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.

A BIRD that can't sing,
And insists upon singing,
Should have its neck wrung.

WAITING A REFUND.

CITIZEN: About six months ago I left a claim here against Uncle Sam's Telegraph, on account of a lost message, seventy-five cents.

HAUGHTY OFFICIAL (*after an hour's search*): It's only got to the Fourteenth Auditor's office now. Can't say when settlement will be reached.

A BROOKLYN man complains that the Drug Stores and Doctor Storrs keep open on Sunday, while the saloons and other shops are closed.

Why this discrimination?



CURIOUS EFFECT PRODUCED BY A FEW WORDS WITH A BOSTONIAN.

THE EAGLE AND THE DONKEY.

ONCE upon a time a Donkey, who was partaking of his midday meal of thistles, chanced to raise his eyes to the heavens, where he observed an Eagle circling in lofty flight.

"What a glorious life that bird leads," said the Donkey; "far above the care and turmoil of this dull earth he sails majestically through the air, admired by all."

And he became troubled with a strange unrest.

Presently the Eagle alighted on a tree near by, and the Donkey, with a wild yearning, galloped over and asked the royal bird the place of his abode.

"Far in the mountains, high above the dwellings of men and beasts," replied the Eagle.

"I would fain go with you there," said the Donkey. "I am sick of this lowly life. I would stand on the heights. I cannot fly, of course, but I am sure-footed."

"Come with me, then," said the Eagle. "He who can tread the path will in time reach the heights, but I warn you that the road is long and weary."

Through the green pastures, up the hillside, wearily over the mountain steeps the Donkey followed the Eagle until they reached the bare gray granite peaks, snow-capped and shattered by the lightning.

"But there are no thistles here," moaned the Donkey; "I shall starve!"

"None can dwell on high without some suffering," replied the Eagle. "What are a few thistles compared with the glory of dwelling at this elevation! Just look down."

The Donkey did so, but, faint with hunger, his senses failed him on the brink of the abyss, and he reeled over to be dashed on the rocks thousands of feet below.

"Poor fellow!" said the Eagle; "he would insist on getting out of his element."

MORAL: Even a Jackass should stick to his created purpose, considering which we can't see why A—y C—mst—ck dabbles in art.

G. E. Hanson.

THE *Atchison Globe* tells of a number of young people who, desirous of knowing their future husbands or wives, recently decided to put wedding-cake under their pillows at night, and dreamed of the following: 1, of her grandmother; 2, of a snake swallowing a man; 3, of an elephant skipping a rope; 4, of a runaway team; 5, of a railroad accident; 6, of a murder; 7, of a fight between male cats. The following day they decided to swear off matrimony, among other vices, with the beginning of the New Year.

THE *Evening Post* sends us a Pamphlet entitled "A Bill to Promote Mendicancy."

We are opposed to it. The higher grade in the mendicant's ladder is burglary, and our Religious Contemporaries steal enough jokes from us as it is.



A WINTRY HEART.

WHENEER thy bosom, from its robe's dark night,
Peereth 'twixt clouds of folded lace
back-rolled,
Methinks how like the frozen moon
'tis white,—
And how—alas!—moon-like, 'tis ever cold.

C. H. Lüders.



C.D. Gibson

A SCENE IN ORA

WHEN THE SUGGESTIVE REFORMER SHALL HAVE "PURICA AN



N MORAL FUTURE.

URICA AND LIFE . ALONE REFUSES TO BE COMSTOCKIANIZED.

FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

THE
POPE'S
JUBILEE.

THE Chum to Potentates joined the merry band of pilgrims to Rome to celebrate the Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII. The Pope had especially requested that the Chum put in an appearance upon the festal occasion, as he had been assured

by Her Imperious Highness Queen Victoria that no jubilee could be successful without the Chum's presence.

A Bull was issued, nicely bound in half-calf, stating that "*Leoninus desiderat Carlyleam Smithum showupueri ad jubileum procul dubio R.S.V.P.*" To this urgent request for his presence at the ceremonies the Chum replied:

Ad Popem.

Roma, Italia, Europa, Etcetera.

Accipio cum jucunditate.

P.S.—Amor ad Propaganda.

This reply was placed in a soldered silver ukase, built especially for it, and forwarded by special cardinal.

On the way over the Chum stopped for his friends Alphonso of Spain and the Czar of Russia, and the three arrived in Rome on the eve of the Jubilee day. The Pope was delighted to receive his guests and presented them with the Freedom of the Papal Toe for two weeks. They were also put down for membership at the principal social organizations of the Church, such as the Dorcas Society, the Home Missionary Club and the Inquisition Club.

Five rooms in the Vatican, with running water, hot and cold, straight from the Papal sea, were set apart for us, and but for the Czar's fear of dynamite and the King of Spain's new teeth, all would have gone as merry as a marriage bell. Indeed, the yelling of his infantile friend from Spain and the Czar's horror of soap and other articles of a shape suggestive of bombs did much to destroy the pleasure the Chum felt in being the guest of the Vatican. Another unhappy occurrence, which drew down the Pope's wrath upon the head of the Czar, was the insatiable appetite of the latter for candles. Alexander ate all the lights in our suite of apartments before he had been there a day, and in an early morning's walk through St. Peter's he managed to devour every one of the tapers in the church. The Pope told the Chum later that the free luncheon proclivities of the Autocrat had added thirty per cent. to the cost of the Jubilee, and said that if he were spared to celebrate a second he would either not invite the Czar or burn castor-oil.

Jubilee Day will long be remembered by the Romans—particularly those on the police force. It is estimated that fully one-tenth of the population stayed awake all day to see the grand procession, and the somnolent tramp of the Eternal City for once in his life was compelled to fall asleep somewhere else than on the public stairways. It was ten o'clock in the morning when the Pope began to swing around the circle, and for two hours he swung to and fro—toing for about three-

quarters of the time and, by means of a short cut home, froing but one-quarter.

A general amnesty was granted to sinners in honor of the day, and terms of time in Paradise running from one week to seven years were granted indiscriminately. The *scala santa* was thrown open to the public at six in the morning, and all who mounted it on their knees in a truly reverent spirit were given a pass into the Celestial Realms, good for a thousand years! An unpleasant incident occurred at the staircase, which greatly mortified the American visitors. An American tourist, rather short of stature, but long of bonds and railroad and telegraph companies, had hired fifteen boys to stand on the line before the stairway, and as soon as he had mounted to the top would return and assume the place of the boy nearest the front. He kept this up for three hours, and, when discovered by the police, had secured thirteen thousand years' freedom from Purgatory, to the exclusion of the poor but honest Neapolitans who were on the extreme end of the line and who were unable to get to the front before the doors were closed.

Of course the ceremonies at St. Peter's were surpassingly grand, and the collection netted quite a nice nest-egg for the Propaganda to set on. Some vandal collector, during the excitement of the moment, managed to elope with the tomb and ashes of one of the former popes; but, with this exception, there was nothing to mar the joyousness of the occasion.

The statue of Jove, which is called St. Peter because Jupiter and the Jew Peter are closely allied in orthoepical circles, was the object of much reverent attention, and in the course of the afternoon the left limb was kissed off as far up as the knee-pan.

After the services in the church the distinguished visitors were invited to a grand banquet in the Vatican, but just before the soup came it was discovered that the time chosen was a fast-day, so that the diners had nothing but speeches. The Pope, however, entertained his guests so charmingly that the absence of viands was not noticeable until afterwards, when the guests were on their way home; and the speeches were so spicy and full of meat that many declared themselves quite as well satisfied as if they had been served with Blue Point oysters on toast.

It was at a late hour that the seven or eight hundred guests took their leave of His Holiness, and, as it was the unanimous wish on the part of the guests to return again to Rome, the Fountain of Trevi was taken in on the way home and several millions of soldi were cast therein by the light of the moon.

The Czar and the Chum returned to the fountain with a drag-net after the city was wrapped in sleep, but when they arrived they found the Pope with a diamond-studded dipper, scooping the last coin from the emerald depths.

"*Frigida erit dies quum simitra sum,*" he remarked airily.

"*Plane sic!*" ejaculated the British Envoy, who had come up close behind the Czar and myself.

"*Bene leniter riderem,*" said the Czar with much feeling.

As for the Chum, all he could say was:

"*Signor del Pope vous avez la grande tte.*"

Upon which the Pope winked his eye, circulated his blessing, and the Jubilee was over.

Carlyle Smith.

A SUGGESTION.

THE *Art Review* has this interesting and instructive paragraph: "A bibliopogist is a bibliophile with a special regard for book-bindings. A bibliotaph is a book miser. A bibliopole is a book-seller for bibliophiles. A biblioklept is a stealer of valuable books."

We wish the *Art Review* would give us some death-dealing name for a book-borrower.

How would "biblio-sponge" do?

A SERENADO NOCTURNO.

AFTER SWINEURNE.

[Introductory.]

THE trees stand stripped in their stark stern beauty,
The wind drones drearily over the plain;
The sun came late to his morning duty,
And went away early to sleep again.
Slow and steadily drips the rain,
And falls from the eaves with a dull dead patter,
While a slamming shutter, with crazy clatter,
Rattles the rickety window-pane.

[Troubadour—pianissimo.]

The moon leers out from the black and broken
Banks of clouds that go scudding by;
The moon is full—and by that same token,
Full—of a sombre grief—am I.
Nay, wicked jester, rock-and-rye
Hath no place in the woe that fills me;
Cold neglect is the thing that kills me.
Turn, fair maiden! Behold me die!

[Fortissimo.]

Fair one, hear me! Open your lattice;
Deign one smile to a freezing swain.
(Pardon my shouts, for a callow cat is
Trying to drown my sad refrain.)
Hist! The snap of a breaking chain,
And a growl—I fly from the wrath that's coming;
Fate postpones my tum-ti-tum-tumming.—
Farewell, Sweet, I will come again!

[Canis—Furiosissimo.]

Has he utterly gone? Yes, quite, thank heaven!
Not a trace of his tattered trousers stays;
He stood here howling, from just eleven
Till half-past two, his lady-love's praise:
He loitered long with his lovelorn lays—
But he sped full soon, and the moon laughed gladly
To see me munching his frail frame madly,
And strewing the yard with his roundelays!

W. S. Case.



Unprotected Female: OH MY! I WISH THAT CAR WOULD HURRY. HERE COMES A MAN, AND I'M JUST SURE HE WILL INSULT ME!



Unprotected Female (after gentleman has passed): HUMPH! HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME.

ONLY TERROR COULD BLEAU-CHAMP.

THE girls of the family Beauchamp
Had a governess aged to Teauchamp,
Who, shaking her haid,
Had repeatedly said
That nothing but flogging would Reauchamp.

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

IN the matter of International copyright, we think we see a glimmer of hope for the author in a direction which many have bewailed.

It is related of a visitor to Boston to whom the celebrities of the town were being pointed out, as they passed in and out of a restaurant, that seeing a small headed, broad shouldered youth enter, he asked, "And who is he?" "That," was the response "is the man who hasn't written a book."

We are fast getting to the point in our literary development where every able-bodied voter has written a book, and if our politicians do not hurry up and attend to the needs of this much abused and rapidly growing class, they will find the glacial period warm alongside of the future which awaits them.



WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Two miles to the R.R. Station.

Wife (in the distance): HURRY UP, CHARLIE, YOU'VE ONLY GOT FIVE MINUTES TO CATCH THE TRAIN IN!

AN EXPLANATION.

"SEE here, waiter, how is it that I find a trousers button in this salad?"
"Dat am a part of de dressin', sah."



ENOUGH.

"DID YOU GET ANYTHING FOR THE HOLIDAYS, BILLY?"
"YES, DAD GIV' ME TWO LICKINS, AN' I DIDN'T HANG UP NO STOCKIN' FOR THEM NEITHER!"

A COMING HUMORIST.

MARK TWAIN, Bill Nye, and others, must look to their laurels. There is a humorist about to be thrust upon the world, with an A.B., from Columbia College, if the following paragraph from the *Times* is veracious.

"The Senior Class of Columbia College yesterday discussed plans for a memorial to be presented to the college on their graduation. One suggestion was to present \$500 on graduation, and \$100 yearly for five years for a fund, the interest of which shall be devoted to prizes at annual oratorical competitions of members of the Junior Classes; another plan was to place a colossal statue of a high hat on the campus."

We are filled with hope. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen and brokers are graduated without number every year—humorists come rarely, and we intend to keep an eye upon this "high-hat" man. He will amount to something; who knows but that fifty years hence he may be able to make people laugh by simply walking to the front of a platform, and send his audience into convulsive laughter by announcing the death of his dearest friend. Stranger things have happened, and are happening every day.

It is stated that the *Pope's Life* is selling largely in the West as the comic *chef d'œuvre* of the season, because its publisher is a partner of Mark Twain; and it is rumored about town that three young ladies of Peekskill grew hysterical with laughter when they saw Chauncey Depew sprain his neck by falling on a small boy's slide.



A LOVER OF CANDOR.

IMPECUNIOUS MAN: I wish you would be so kind as to lend me five dollars. I'll pay you back in a few days.

CANDID FRIEND: If you had asked me for the loan in a candid and straightforward manner I would have lent you the money, but asking me in the way you did causes me to distrust you.

"I don't understand you."

"You asked me to be so *kind* as to lend you five dollars."

"Yes."

"If you had been candid you would have said to me: 'Be so stupid, be such an ignominious ass, such a hopeless idiot as to lend me five dollars,' and you might have got it."—*Texas Siftings*.

JIM WOODS, out in Kansas, rebuked a blasphemer and was immediately struck dead with lightning. This reads like a Sunday-school story turned wrong end on.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MAMMA: Edith, can you tell me what "faith" is?

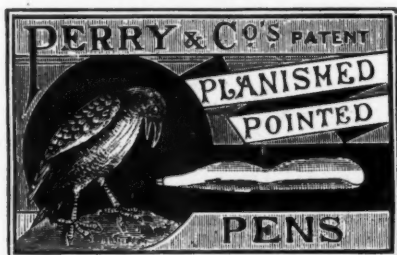
EDITH (aged six years): Oh, yes; it's believing what you know isn't true.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

NOT EXACTLY IN ACCORD.

MCKENZIE: What a delightful thing it would be if some one would invent a new figure for the german!

MISS LAKER (from Cincinnati): Wouldn't it! They're so awfully stout, as a race.—*Judge*.

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"I DON'T see why you should sneer at my engagement ring," said the fair girl, with a flush of indignation on her cheek, as she faced the belle of the opposition town; "it's a great deal prettier than the one you wore three years ago, and haven't worn since!"

"No, dear," replied her friend, with a cool, far-away look in her voice; "not prettier, but quite as pretty. It is the same ring."—*Puck*.

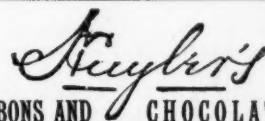
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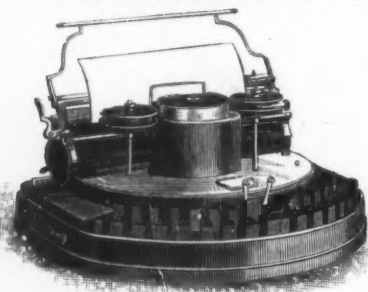
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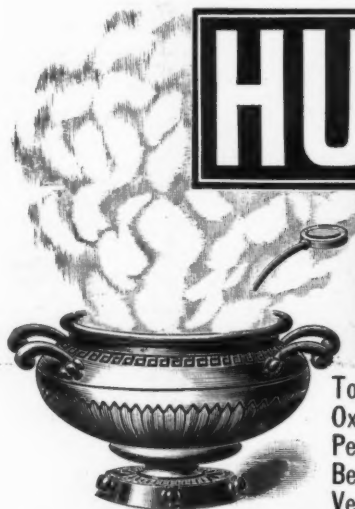
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"Believing we rejoice
To see the cuss removed."

As no one "joined in," the old lady did not proceed far with the hymn, and an awkward contretemps seemed imminent. The clergyman was quick-witted, however, and turned the ludicrous incident to good account. He quietly arose and announced as his text the words, "Believing we rejoice," from which he preached an excellent sermon, one that, under the peculiar circumstances, made a deep impression.

The old lady will probably never know why she caused such a sensation. She lived in the neighborhood, and being accustomed to the pronunciation "cuss" for "cure" sang it that way.

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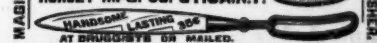
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